

THE
Constant Maid:

OR,
Love will finde out the Way.

A
COMEDY.

By *J. Shirley*

As it is now Acted at the new Play-
house called *The Nursery*,
in HATTON - GARDEN.

LONDON:

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of the Rainbow between the two Temple-gates. 1667.



A C T O R S Names.

HArtwel, *a decayed Gentleman, lover of Mrs Frances.*

Playfayre, *Hartwel's kinsman and friend, lover of Hornet's neece.*

Lambert, *another of Hartwel's friends, counterfeited King.*

Three or four counterfeited Lords of Poland.

Poldavis, *Master of the Horse.*

Hornet, *a great Usurer, suitor to Mrs Belamie.*

Doctor of Physick to Hornets Neece.

Startup, *a Clownish Gentleman, Hartwel's rival to Mrs Frances.*

Another Country-Gentleman, *his neighbour.*

Glose, *an old trusty servant to Hartwel.*

Three more servants cashier'd.

Justice of Peace.

Pursuivant. Officers.

Constable and Watch.

W O M E N.

Mrs Belamie, *a rich Widow.*

Mrs Frances, *her daughter, Hartwel's Mistress.*

Hornet's Neece, *Playfayres Mistress.*

Nurse.

Love



Love will finde out the Way.

Actus Primus.

Enter Hartwel and Servants.

Hart. **N**ay let's not part so heavilie.
close. For my own part, it does not trouble me
That you have broke up house. (so much,
1 Ser. And yet that sticks in my stomach :
For hospitality went out of fashion, with crop-doublers and cod-
pieces.

close. But I have worne out so many liveries, under your wor-
shipful father.

Hart. My father had an office which brought in
A fair Revenew ; I inherit but
His little land, whose annual profits will not
Encourage me to live at the same hight :
You may meet better fortunes ; there's enough
Preferment in the world : my love and best
Assistance promise to your selves.

close. I do not stand upon wages, sir, I wont leave you.

Hart. Not leave me ? how wilt thou live ?

close. Live ? as other mortals do : yet I wont play the thief,
that's a course may be taken, by which a man may ascend the
ladder of preferment ; but I never lov'd to climb trees : I must
confess I cannot cheat ; I have heard there's a devilish deal of
knowledge in the dice, and if men wont lend mony, they'll
fetch it out o'th' bones : but it's best casting in a Tavern, when
the reckoning and the wine come up together. Some men have

a trick to spin out a living by't: there be many secret ways for Servingmen to live: alas 'tis not wages that does maintain all our tribe; especially those that have Mistresses.

Hart. But I am a batchelour.

Close. I pray let me be one of your buttons still then; I am not half worn out; ye know what mould I am made of: I ever did you honest service: and though the rest of my fellow-vermine can leave your falling house, I do not fear the rafters: By this hand I will wait upon you, though as some great mens servants, I live upon nothing but the air of commendation.

Hart. Well, since y^e are so resolute, still attend me; the rest I here discharge: there's somewhat more, not worth the Name of bounty; I will all—
A happier entertainment.

2 *Ser.* Heaven bless you, sir, and there be no remedy.

1 *Ser.* Farewell *Close.*

Close. Pray give me leave to wet my lips with my old fellows; sorrow makes a dry proverb; I must to a Tavern, and condole a quart with 'em.

Hart. Meet me at Mistress Bellamy's. ——— *Exit Hart.*

Close. I shall, sir.

Enter Playfaire.

Play. How now, my Masters?

Close. You do not speak to me, sir? I am a servant still: indeed, the case is alter'd with them; they are Masters for want of a service.

1 *Ser.* Oh Master *Playfaire*!

2 *Ser.* It is not now as when *Andrea* liv'd.

3 *Ser.* This place was made for pleasure, not for dearth.

1 *Ser.* There was a time, when Mortals whetted knives.

Play. What's the matter?

2 *Ser.* In time of yore, when men kill'd brutish beasts.

3 *Ser.* Oh cruel butcher, who'se thou wert!

Close. Do you not know what all this signifies?

Play. Not I.

Close. My Master has given over house-keeping.

2 *Ser.* Burglary, sir, burglary; our young Master has broke up the Celler, and thrown the Kitchen out of the Hall-window.

Close. Nay, he has thrown the house out at window; it has a superscription already; and is directed to his next loving friend, that will pay the rent. You'll hardly know me, I have no fellow.

Play.

Play. Y^e are very merry.

Close. He has casheer'd a company.

3 *Ser.* And taken our good names from us.

Play. I know his nature is more noble; thou wert his groom.

3 *Ser.* Right, and now I am turn'd off, that good name is taken away; nay I am not company for his horse.

Close. Grass and Hay, we are all mortal.

2 *Ser.* VV^e may see what it is to be prick'd with provender; now we must bite o'th' bridle for't; all discharg'd.

Play. Certain?

Close. Yes, certain of us are; for my Master only belongs to me: if you would speak with him; you may overtake him, he's gone to Mistress Bellamies: in the mean time I give you to understand, that I *Close* do still follow my Master; have great hope to continue eating, though the rest of my fellows here be blanks, and want filling.

Play. My Masters, I have known you long; and though you be at loss, in the confidence of your future honesties, I will employ you in a device, which if it prove happy, may reward you handsomely.

Close. And me too?

Play. No, sir, you are another mans servant; follow your Master: if there be occasion, I'll enquire for you: will you be faithful to a project of mine?

Omnes. Doubt it not, sweet Master *Playfair*, any thing.

Play. Follow me for your instructions: Farewel *Close*, commend me to your Master.

2 *Ser.* 'Buy *close*, honest *Close*, we are blanks.——

Ex. Playfaire and Servants.

Close. Roul your selves up, and be drawn at the next lotteries: I wont leave my certainty, for all your projects, take my word for't; if your project fail, I shall find some of you in Pauls, watching behind a pillar, with a prayer that some gentleman will read the bedrol, and take pittie of a very serviceable fellow, to wait on him; but wants a cloak. Much good do ye with your Project.——

Exit.

Enter Horner and Mistress Bellamy.

Hor. Come widow, be rul'd by me; I know the world,
And I have studied it these fifty years:
There's no man to be trusted.

Bell. Without good

Security

Security, you mean.

Hor. No young man, widow,
That talks and says he loves you, writes you verses,
And swears he shall go hang himself unless
You pity him : take me an old man.

Bel. Take you an old man : so.

Hor. Season'd with care and thrift, not led away
By vicious conversations, nor corrupted
With pride and surfeit : one that knows the use
Of money ? dyemark ? the use.

Bel. Yes, sir ; use upon use, you mean.

Hor. And dares not spend it prodigally ; knowing
The principal end it was ordain'd to was,
To relieve necessity, and lay up
What is above.

Bel. To help the poor.

Hor. You may,
If you be so dispos'd ; but 'tis as commendable
To give it in our will, to build an hospital,
And so our charity comes all together.
Besides, who knows what tempests while we live
May rise ? 'tis wisdom not to be without
A sun-shine in our bags to quiet all :
I know you want no suitors in the City,
There be courtiers, great ones, with large titles,
Cold in their own estates, would warm themselves
At your rich City-bonfire : there's no Alderman
Or wealthy Merchant, leaves his widow wealthy,
But streight some noble blood, or lustie kindred,
Claps in with his guilt coach and Flandrian Trotters,
And hurries her away to the next Countess :
No matter for corruption of their blood ;
Some undone courtier made her husband rich,
And this new Lord receives it back again.
I would not have your state thus eaten up
By caterpillars, but preserv'd and made
Greater by marrying a discreet old man.

Bel. And such a one you shew your self.

Hor. You happily interpret me.

Bel. I will not tell you till we meet again,
What operation your good counsel has upon me.

Hor. She inclines ; 'tis your good nature.
I'm plain *Hornet*, and have no tricks ; I'll tell you all
My fault, I'm given much to gather wealth ;
No kindred, only a neece, left to my trust
With a great portion ; one that is never like to marry.

Bel.

Bel. Why?

Hor. She never thriv'd since she came to me.

Bel. I easily believe it.

Hor. Melancholy

VWill kill her, and yet I pursue all ways
That promise her delight; I spare no cost
Of physick; what her Doctor says, is done.

Enter Hartwel and Frances.

Bel. 'Tis lovingly perform'd.

Hor. VWhat's he?

Bel. A Gentleman that bears my daughter much affection.

Hor. Sure I have seen him.

Bel. Master Hartwel.

Hor. Oh he's a begger, or must be very shortly.

Bel. Have you his lands in mortgage?

Hor. Not yet, not yet, but he'll want money too:
His kinsman *Playfair* keeps him company;
Take heed on him.

Bel. He has good breeding.

Hor. Hang breeding, 'tis unluckie:
They never keep their state that have too much on't:
Counsel your daughter, *Mistress Bellamy*,
To throw him off.

Bel. You direct well.

Hor. VWhen we are married, I'll provide a match
For her.

Bel. You have care on us.

Hor. It will become me.

Hart. Is a suiter to thy mother.

Fran. He would be such a thing, were I not happy
In such a jolly father in law.

Hart. A looks like some cast money-bag, that had given up
The stuffing, and for want of use grown mouldy:
He dares not keep a fire in's Kitchen, lest
VVarming his hands, which rather look like gloves so tan'd,
And thin, he lets 'em scorch, and gather into a heap.
I do not think he ever put off his clothes:
He would run mad at sight of's own anatomy.
That such a wretch should have so vast a wealth!

Fran. I'll not be his Niece,
For all his fortune.

Hart. I presume
Your mother is more noble, then to encourage
Him in his courtship: her estate would mix

Not

Not well with his ill-gotten wealth, extorted
 From widows and from orphans : nor will all
 His plenty keep his soul one day from famine :
 'Tis time ill spent, to mention him ; let's talk
 Of something else.

Fran. Of what ?

Harr. Of love again,

Whose flames we equally divide.

Hor. Your table

Is a devourer, and they shut up doors

First, that keep open house and entertainments :

This Lord is feasted, and that young Ladies sweet tooth

Must have a banquet : t'other old

Madam with ne'er a tooth, must have some marchpane

Coral to rub her gums withal : these are

Vain and ridiculous expences.

Bel. 'Tis not too late to thrive.

Hor. This room has too rich furniture, and worse

Hangings would serve the turn ; if I may be

Worthy to counsel, pictures are too

Superfluous, of this and t'other masters

Doing : hang *Michael Angelo* and his oyls ;

If they be given, y^e are the more excus'd

To let 'em hang ; but have a care you let not

Appear either in Arras or in Picture,

The storie of the prodigal, 'twill fright

Young gentlemen from spending of their portions

That come to visit you ; whose unbounden Riots

May enrich you, with their forfeited estates :

I have a thousand precepts more.

Bel. But d'ye not

Think all this while of Heaven ?

Hor. 'Tis in my wealth.

Bel. Or hell ?

Hor. A fable to fright fools and children ; but

I cannot stay, my Scrivener does expect me ;

I'll visit you another time, sweet widow,

And give you more instructions.

Bel. Spare your labour,

I sha'not practice these in haste, and must

Declare, these precepts make not for your welcome.

My patience was no vertue all this while.

If you but think you have a soul, repent :

Your rules I am not covetous to follow ;

I dare not love 'em.

Hor. Live, and be undone then ;

You'll

You'll tell me another tale hereafter, widow. —

Exeunt Hornet.

Enter Nurse and Clofe.

Nurse. If it please you, here's a letter from Master *Startup*
The Country-Gentleman.

Hart. What's he?

Fran. A fresh suitor of my Nurse's commendations.

Clofe. Heaven deliver me! What have I seen? sure this
Thing was once at Bartholomew-Fire, or such another
Furr'd Baboon for all the world: do'st know him?
And yet why do I ask? the devil would hardly
Take acquaintance with him.

Nurse. 'Tis master *Hornet* the great Usurer.

Clofe. *Hornet*?

Nay then my wonder's over; and the devil himself
Be such another, they may be sworn brothers, and divide
Hell betwixt 'em.

Hart. Who's that you talk on, firrah?

Clofe. Of the disease that heaven be thank'd has left you,

Hornet. But fir, I have news for you.

Bel. *Franck*?

Hart. I'll hear it in the Garden. — *Exit Hartwel and Clofe.*

Bel. Do you love this Gentleman?

Fran. I hope you move not this as if you doubted;
I took him first upon your character,
Into my good opinion.

Bel. But things alter;

What then I thought him, I delivered you,
Nor since hath he deserv'd a less esteem
In his own person: but the circumstance
Is not the same; his fortune I have examined,
Which rises not to such a value I
Did apprehend it; it becomes my care,
Being at one gift to depart with thee
And my estate, to look for one whose purse
May carry a proportion.

Fran. Make me not
Imagine you would wed me to a heap
Of shining dust, a golden bondage.

Bel. Nor to penury:

His birth and education are not unworthy, he's handsome too:
But be not govern'd by your eye too much;
Children and age pursue us, and some storms
Hover about our frail conditions:

All these must be provided for : they are not
Kisses will make our winters warm ; and therefore
Confident of your obedience, I propound
Another to your best thoughts,

Fran. Oh my unhappyness !

Bel. A Country gentleman of spreading fortunes,
Young too, and not uncomely ; for his breeding,
It was nor spun the finest : but his riches
Able to guild deformity, and make
Even want of wit a vertue , when your life
Renders it self more sweet by your command :
His name is Master *Startup* , expected
Our guest to morrow ; that's his letter, read it.
This may seem strange, while it is coming toward you :
But when discretion comes to examine what
A fruitful consequence attends it, you
Will thank me for't.

Fran. But with your pardon, mother :
Although I could dispence with my own thoughts,
And frame them to obedience, will this change
Be for your honour, or mine own ? when such,
When such a noble gentleman shall boast he had
With your consent my liking ? or admit
That which we gain by riches of the second,
Seem to authorize, and may justifie
The act with some : How can it cure the wound,
Which the poor heart that loves shall find too soon,
When 'tis neglected, and so cruelly,
Where it hopes for cherishing ? Oh think
How you did love my father, first ; and be
Now gentle to your daughter : your estate
Is above needy providence, or grafting
Into a new stock ; it does grow already
Fair from his own root, and does want no piecing ;
Nor are the means of *Hartwel* so contemptible.

Bel. No more : when y'ave consider'd well, you'll shape
Another answer ; i'th' mean time dispose
Your countenance to entertain this new
And able lover : leave the satisfaction
Of *Hartwel* to my care ; he's here, to your chamber.——

Exit Francis.

Enter Hartwel and Clofe.

Clofe. I know not what's the trick on't, nor themselves yet,
But he has a project to employ 'em in.

Hart. I wish it well.——But do you work your self

Into

Into the opinion of the Nurse, she is
The *Major Domo*, and has all the intelligence.

close. Let me alone, I'll work her, sir, like wax,
To print what form you please upon her; 'tis
A loving croan to me already:
I'll speak her fair, and in my drink may marry her.

Bel. Master *Hartwel*?

Hart. About your business.

Bel. There is a business, sir, which I must open,
And you perhaps will wonder at.

Hart. You prepare my attention.

Bel. You do love my daughter,
At least I think so.

Hart. If you knew my heart,
You might be confident; in her I sum
All my desires on earth.

Bel. Be not so fixt.

Hart. How, Lady?

Bel. When you have heard me out, perhaps you'll find
Your consent easie to call back a promise
Made to your disadvantage.

Hart. I acknowledge
This makes me wonder; pray interpret Lady,
And speak a language I may understand;
I love your daughter.

Bel. But must never glory
In the reward which you expect should be
Her marriage.

Hart. In the number of my actions
There is not one that's guilty of so much
Offence to you, that I should be so soon
Lost to your favour.

Bel. Have no thought so poor,
You can deserve less; my opinion
Is richer laden with your merit then before.

Hart. Now
I fear again, this violent turn of praise,
Makes me suspect my state: if I be fallen,
Teach me to know my trespass.

Bel. I ne'er look'd
With so cleer eyes into your worth; and 'twere
A sin to general goodness to delay
The free resign of that, your truth may challenge.

Hart. If this be meant, pray pardon my mistake
Of something went before: love made me fear
You said I never should enjoy your daughter

In marriage, which your self so late incline to.

Bel. And must again repeat, you sha' not call
Her bride.

Hart. Can you forbid this happiness, and love me ?

Bel. Yes, so dearly, *Hartwel*, I present
My self to thy affections.

Hart. You amaze me, and fright my understanding.

Bel. Does the name
Of widow sound displeasing ? I have learn'd
Already to obey ; my years are not
So many with a thought to freeze your blood ;
I wear no print of time, deep on my brow,
Nor have my hairs the innocence of age :
Gentlemen active, and of noble birth,
Think no dishonour to beseech my love,
And if they flatter not, commend my person :
Adde unto this my wealth, no narrow fortune ;
And without competition, my daughter
Depending on my love, whose portion must
Flow from my bounty, or be nothing : make
A sober apprehension of this Tender,
And think I was not able to suppress
These flames of love increase still by your virtues :
This minute quit all hopes of *Frances*,
Whose mother will admit no Rival ; 'tis
Within your own election to be happy :
My love accepted comes with fair attendance ;
Deny'd, you hasten your own exile ; think on't,
To morrow sometime, I'll expect your answer. —

Exit.

Hart. What have I heard ? Was it her Mother spake thus ?
As Pilgrimes by mistake of some small path,
Having told many weary steps, at night
When their hopes flatters 'em they are not far
From some kind entertainment, finde themselves
Lost in a wilderness ; so am I miserable :
Thus Love delights to wound and see us bleed,
He were a gentle god to kill indeed. —

Exit.

Finis Actus Primi.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Nurse and Close.

Close. W^Od thou wo'dst speak a good word for me : I am
Weary of my indentures : I like a fool was in good hope
He should have married Mistress Frances.

Nurse. He's a begger ; she his wife ? no, Master *Startup*
Is the man, the man of lands and money.

Close. Into whose service if I could wriggle my self, a
Word of thy mouth does it.

Nurse. I must tell you by the way, he is little better then a
fool.

Close. The fitter for her husband, and my master.

Nurse. Y^are i'th' right, he's innocent to your hands, and
You may soon come to nonage his estate

Close. VWhich if I do, thou sha't want no petticoats,
All's thine own.

Nurse. VWhat ?

Close. VWhy all that I can beg, borrow or steal from him :
VWhat should he do with so much riches ? I'd perswade my young
Mistress, after the first year, to put him to his pension : he should
pay for's diet ; and after a month or two, for every time he comes
aloft. Hang him, Cuckow-pintle.

Nurse. Nay, let her begin betimes, if she mean to rule the
roast : I'll give her Documents ; and be you sure you stick
close to your Mistress ; there's something to be got that way.

Enter *Hartwel* and *Playfair*.

Close. Excellent Verges !
How I do love thy documents ! I but he's here,
I'll not be seen with thee ; farewell :

At night we'll talk the rest over a sack-posslet. — *Exit Close.*

Nurse. I will use this advantage to over-hear a little.

Play. You tell me strange things ; is it possible
The widow her self loves you ?

Hart. VWould I had reason but to suspect.

Play.

Play. Turn Colt again ; this love will kill's all :
And can she make no choice, but where her daughter
Has the same longing ? not her dancing days done yet ?
VWhy there's no remedy, you must love her.

Hart. How ? and violate my faith to *Frances* ?

Play. Thou wilt ~~not~~ be so much an infidel,
To think I mean thou shouldst forsake the wench.
Tell me the mother a fine tale of love,
Print kisses on her paper-lip, and hug
Her reverend body ; any thing but lie with her :
VWrite sonnets on the ivory tooth afore ;
Swear she does cough distinctly ; get a rime
To bless her when she sneezes, and cry up
The method of her nose, which sweats and falls
So perpendicular ; admire the motion
Of her blew eyes that look three ways at once :
Praise her above thy reason, or her daughter,
And then she will believe, thou maist be mad for her.

Hart. Is this the way to do me good ? she comes
Too fast upon me already.

Play. Let her flie to thee,
Thou maist clip her wings the sooner, this secures thee :
Should you hold off, and play the modest creature,
Nay but deny as maids do, when they love it,
And bending of your hams cry, No forsooth,
Profess your self, with coxcomb-like civility,
You are not worthy of her carnal favours,
She may believe it ; and in very spight
Marry her daughter to a Citizen ;
Or should you be so mad to think to win her
To your first choice, withholding your passions
For Mistress *Frances*, complaining how *Don Cupid*
Hath sacrific'd your heart ; you may go hang your self :
Go to the Barbers, let him slick your hair up,
And spend his powder ; wash your sullen face,
And starch your infant, upper-lip to look
Like one that would run desp'rate on a widow.

Nurse. Here's pretious conspiracie !

Play. This is the way :
At leasure, you may tell your natural Mistress,
Like *Jove* you have but put another shape on
To cheat the Beldame *Juno*.

Nurse. Foul-mouth rascal, I'm glad I know your plot.

Hart. I apprehend, th'ast given me good counsel :
I'll watch the first occasion to assure,
I have prefer'd her in my heart already.

Nurse.

Nurse. I'll conjure up a cross plot, and that quickly,
Shall mar your mirth, and pay your fine dissembling ;
Are you so cunning, my love gamester?—— *Exit Nurse.*

Play. So I'll take my leave then, y'ave no other service
To use my stay : I have a project, *Hartwel,*
That must not be neglected.

Hart. May not communicate ?

Play. Thou art engag'd to wait
Upon thine own affair, or I should trouble thee
To be an actor in't ; thou know'st *Hornet.*

Hart. He is a sutor to the widow, and
After the rate we cast the plot, my rival.

Play. I'll rival him ; he smothers a poor gentlewoman
At home with Sea-coal, and allows her no
More light then serves to read in painted cloth,
The exposition of the harlots storie.

Hartwel, I love her ; and before her Father
Dyed, we exchange'd our honest hearts ; 'tis here
To free her from that slavery she lives in
Under the iron-hearted Jaylor, else

I shall repent my aim ; he broods upon
Her portion, but I have a trick may spoil
His hatching of young bags ; thou shalt know all
Hereafter ; to the widow, *Hartwel* : I am

For state-affairs ; be faithful, and pray for me.

We must be bold : farewell, if something hit,
We'll laugh in spight of *Diues* and the Devil.—— *Exit.*

Enter Belamy, Frances, Close, Startup.

Close. This is the thing, sir, that must carry away
The garland ; they have given him a cup or two
Of sack, and he has the prettiest humour,
He does so whistle out his complement ;
He wears his feather like the captain of
A country team, and would become a horse-coller
Rarely ; I do not think, but were he put to't
With little switching, he would draw the Cart well.

Star. Sweet Lady, I am your humble servant ; 'tis well
known what I am, where I live ; my father dyed since I was of
age, and left me a younger brothers portion.

Bel. A younger brother ?

Star. Sweet Lady, I know what you would say, my father had
no more children ; but I speak modestly of my estate ; I have
land enough for two or three wives ; I have a horse in Town ;
your daughter shall ride behind me : Sweet Lady, did you ever
see the country?

Fran.

Fran. What country, sir?

Star. VVhy, any country living: sweet Lady, I am your humble servant; if you love hawking, hunting, or drinking, there be good fellows will bear you company. Is there any good Tobacco in London?

Close. Virginia-Tobacco grows here.

Star. Sweet sir, I am your humble servant, you seem to be a gentleman will fetch me a pipe: there's half a piece, if I be not troublesome: perhaps, sweet Lady, you do not love it; if it offend you, let it alone.

Close. A very pretious widgeon.

Star. La, la, la, lere.

Sings and Dances.

Fran. You dance well, sir.

Nurse. He has a strong back, I warrant him.

Star. Sweet Lady, is this your daughter?

Close. Ask that question now?

Bel. I was her mother, sir.

Star. That may be too; what gentleman is that? Sweet sir, I am your humble servant likewise.

Hart. You are too humble, sir, to stoop so low; It would become my duty.

Star. Sweet sir, 'tis all one; a leg or an arm is not cast away among friends: I am a Country-Gentleman, all the world knows; sweet sir, I have no business in Town.

Bel. I thought you came to see my daughter.

Star. That may be too; sweet Lady, pray excuse me, I honour your fair daughter; for I know as well as another, what belongs to a gentlewoman: she's not the first sweet Lady I have lov'd i'th way of Matrimony.

Hart. Were you ever married?

Star. Sweet sir, no; all men are not alike.

Hart. For some are fools.

Star. Sweet sir, I do confess it;

But wit is never good till it be bought,
They say; there are very good wits in Town,
I have brought money a purpose with me to buy;
If any will sell me a good pennyworth,
I'll give him a hundred pieces, because
I would carry a little down into the Country.

Hart. Is there a dearth in your Country?

Play. Sweet sir, there's plenty.

Close. Of wild-oats; I heard you had much to sow still.

Star. My Tenants have, sweet sir, but 'tis all one;
This Lady shall be Lord o'the Soil: I won't
Give any man six pence for a bushel of money.

close. Oh brave sack!

Star.

Star. I am a gentleman, my Father was a Yeoman ;
But that's all one, sweet Lady : howsoever I am yours,
And every limb is at your service ;
My hands shall walk, my feet shall run.

Fran. Away, away.

Star. By this bright gold they shall.

Close. He keeps his oath.——

Star. Not run ?

My Grand-father was a Nobleman's Footman, and
Indeed he run his Country; my Father did
Outrun the Constable.

Close. And he, sweet Lady,
Being his father's issue, must run naturally.

Star. If I live.——

Close. He'll run himself out of all.

Star. Not run,

Sweet Lady ? if you have occasion to use me,
I wo'nt stand upon my feet,

Fran. No, sir ?

Star. Nay I'll stand upon my head, sweet Lady,
To do you courtesie.

Close. Then his heels were upwards.

Bel. Please you, a sorry dinner stays for you.

Star. Sweet Lady, I am your servant ; will this Gentleman
dine with us ?

Bel. I'll prevail with Master *Hartwel*.

Close. D'ye know what you have done ? he's rival
Mistress ; why, d'ye mean to invite him ?

Star. Sweet sir, I invite nobody ; if you love
Any body here.——

Hart. What then ?

Star. Sweet sir,
I sha'not take it kindly, I do not use
To quarrel.

Close. When y'are beaten, sir, he sha'not wrong you :
Then lay him o'er the face.

Star. Sweet sir,
'Tis dinner-time, fair Lady.

Bel. Master *Hartwel* ?——

Exeunt.

Close. I had a great mind to have him beaten ;
But he's not valiant at meals : would I
Were hired to beat him handsomely after dinner,
And make him thank me for't ; I'll have some plot
Upon your pretious body, my sweet sir.——

Exit.

C

Enter

Enter Hornet and Doctor, Playfaire's Brother.

Hor. You tell me wonders, Doctor.

Doct. I have cur'd
Her melancholy ; but she's o't'other side
Now extream merry, dante and sing, all air.

Hor. 'Tis strange methinks, nothing but extremities :
Good Master Doctor, could you not have par'd
Her rother leaden humour ?

Doct. Sir, I could not
Kill the malignity of her melancholy
Another way : extremities must be cur'd
With extreme applications : my next work
Shall be to abate this levity of her brain,
To qualifie her spleen, sir, by degrees ;
So state her body in that modest temper
She was posses'd of.

Hor. I complain'd before
Of quietness ; now she's all noise and madness,
By your description.

Doct. You must have patience
A month or so, she is not mad but merry ;
Some strange figaries : you must understand,
I have open'd, sir, her fancie, wherein lay
All her imaginations confus'd,
And of a heap, smother'd for want of vent ;
And now the spirits that were imprison'd
Rush out, which cauferth all her faculties
Before oppress'd, to exercise themselves
So unexpectedly, as the agitation of her tongue
Soon will manifest : she's here.

Enter Neece.

Neece. Uncle, how does your body ? you appear
As lean as Lent : I've a great mind to dance
About a Maypole ; shall we ?

Hor. She is mad.

Neece. This Doctor has so tickled me,
I cannot chuse but laugh ; ha, ha, ha :
Uncle, if you'll procure a dispensation
To marry me your self, deduct the charges
Out of my portion : I'll have no other
Husband ; I could affect an old man now
With all my heart.

*An old man with a bed full of bones,
Turn to me bony and give me a kifs, &c.*

Unkle, when did you put on a clean shirt ?
Not since your wife dyed ; that was a pretty shift.
Indeed I dream'd o'th' devil the last night ;
They say 'tis good luck : d'ye not know him, Unkle ?

Hor. I know the devil !

Neece. He's a fine old gentleman,
And something like you ; no such bugbear as
The world imagines ; you and he'll keep house
Together one day : but you'll burn sea-coal too,
To save charges, and stink the poor souls so.
Shall we go hunt to day ? I long to strike
A Deer ; pray lend me a Cross-Bow, will you, sir ?
I'll pay you use for't.

And still she cry'd, Shepherd shoot home.

Unkle, you are not merry, I pray laugh
A little ; imagine y'ad undone a widow,
Or turn'd an orphan begging now: ha, ha !
How many Churches, 'faith, will you build when
You dye ? I'll have six Bells in every Steeple,
And they shall go to th' tune of Turn again
Whittington, who let out his land
For nine lives, 'cause it came in by a Car.
Die Unkle, die, at all adventures.

Hor. Why does she talk of dying ? she's stark mad ;
Could you not put into the next receipt,
Something to make her sleep well ?

Doct. Opium.

Hor. In a good quantity.

Doct. I could so proportion it,
She should not wake at all to trouble you :
I did it for a Merchants wife last week,
Which lov'd a Knight. A great man not long since,
Was weary of his Countess ; and I cur'd him
So artificially of the disease.——

Hor. She hears.

Doct. But collects nothing, yet her senses
Are scattered.

Neece. You shall give toward the building
OF *Pauls*——Nothing : see the money first
Laid out that's given already ; it were much

Sin to bely the dead ; but 'tis no matter,
 You may be as famous, sir, for pulling down
 The Parish ; for the Church will fall oft self,
With a ding dong Bell.

Why did they put the poor fellow in prison ?

Hor. Whom ? what fellow ?

Necce. Why the Corn-cutter,

Poor gentleman he meant the City

No harm ; his feet were weary, and that made him

In every street cry out, Have ye any Coins

I' your head or toes ?

Enter Purfivant.

Pur. Which is Master Hornet ?

Hor. Ha ! with me ?

Pur. A word, sir.

Necce. Prethee what's he ? he comes to borrow money

On his wives wedding-ring, or his child's whistle now :

You may see by his nose, he has no land, he looks

As hungry as a Hawk : what do you dreamt on ?

Or what Ladies tympany is your next cure ?

Or whose state body must be rectified

With your quaint glister ?

Pur. There is no disputing, I must attend you.

Hor. I am sent for by a Purfivant : the King ?

Alas, I am undone, I never saw him ;

How should he know me ? a poor wretch.

Doff. Is't not

Some complaint ? think.

Hor. That's my fear, there be

Too many Knaves i'th' world ; and a man cannot

Grow rich, but one state-surgeon or other

Must practice on his purse : before this Lord

One veyn is opened, in t'other Court

So many ounces he must bleed again.

Let me see : all the treason I committed,

Is, that I shifted houses ; for I took

Delight to cozen him of his subsidies.

I live obscurely, to avoid

Taxations : I never paid the Church

Her superstitious tythes, nor come to trouble

Sermons, for fear of homilies before,

That beg for burning.

Necce. Why how now, Uncle ? Is your Scrivener broke,
 You talk such lamentation ?

Hor.

Hor. I am sent for
To the King, Neece, and shall be made a beggar,
As I was born : I see my Chattels seiz'd ;
This Chest is ranack'd, and that bag deslour'd ;
My dore seal'd up ; and with this hungry messenger
I am already marching to the Fleet

Neece. Nay, and you be at that ward, I leave you.
Masty, farewel : pray do not bite my Uncle
Too hard ; and so I leave you all to th' mercy
Of the Bear-Garden.

Hor. Best make fast her chamber.

Neece. I, I, cursed Dog : and
Set a thousand guards about her,
Love will find out a way.

Exit.

Doff. Wo'nt some money qualifie your haste,
And give him time to appear ?

Pur. Good Mr. Doctor,
Teach your Apothecary : *Galen* nor
Hippocrates can perswade me from my duty.
Will you go, sir ? or shall I certifi :

Hor. Go ! I must go.

Doff. Have comfort, sir : this cloud
May soon blow over.

Hor. Yes, when I'm blown up :
I read imprisonment in his very looks,
And all my gold confiscate.

Exeunt.

Enter Nurse and Startup.

Nurse. I heard her say, she would walk up to her chamber :
The trick was but to teach him whither he
Should follow, who as nimbly apprehended,
To acquaint her with his new affections.
I did this for your good, that *Mrs. Francis*,
Whom I'll send presently to you, may be
Convinc'd in *Hartwell's* falshood, and transplant
Her love on you.

Star. This will be excellent !
So shall we strangle him in his own noose,
And he ne'er know who hurt him.

Nurse. I'll loose no time, you know my instructions.

Star. I almost had forgot ; there is a cast
Of angels more.

Nurse. They are not cast away.

Star. If thou dost fear they'll drown, *Nurse*, I can give
Thee lighter, I have some want weight.

Nurse.

Nurse. If you have an evil angel about you, your business will thrive the better, when 'tis departed.

Star. There, Mother of the Maids.

Nurse. Now all the good ones wait upon your worship.

Star. These things that go to and again, must have Their fees, they'll never speak in our cause else.

Enter Frances.

Aha, sweet sir! we'll be too cunning for you.
She's come already: sweet Lady, how do ye do?
Y'are melancholy, you shall have some cause
If I can help you to't; if you be sad
Because I love you as I do, be merry
Again: there's no man cares a button for you
Besides my self.

Fran. I am very ill befriended.

Star. You are deceiv'd in some body, and me too;
I love you I confess, but how? not for
Want of a Mistress; I came not a wooing
For such necessity, although you have
So little wit, to believe something that
I know concerning t'other party.

Fran. How's this?

Star. Tell me, have you opinion, sweet Lady,
That any man besides my self does love
This face of yours? but understand, I'll mak't
Appear, and presently.

Fran. Why I dare shew my face:
My glass cannot so much deceive me, sir:
I shou'd be aham'd it should appear.

Star. Nay I am
For that, a your side; d'ye conceive me right?
A worse face will become the Country, and
Shew well enough at the mustering; but that
You should be such an ass.

Fran. This is plain Courtship.

Star. Be sure you understand me, and you do not
Repent it, I dare give one of these ears.

Fran. You do not threaten me?

Star. Understand me right,
But if I do, and will threaten you agen,
Because you shall live long to see your folly,
And what a Coxcomb you have made your self,
To love a man that is a suitor to
Your mother: ha, ha!

Fran.

Fran. VVhom do you mean ?

Star. E'en Mr. Hartwel :

Are you such a buzzard

You cannot see't ? then you shall hear it : step
Behind these hangings, and he'll iustifie it.

Enter Hartwel and Mrs. Bellamy.

Hart. I have consider'd perfectly ; and if
You will vouchsafe me hearing, dare pour forth
My heart, which full of love renders it self
To your acceptance: I acknowledge, Lady,
My passions are but young, for could I hope
You should with so much favour look upon me ?

Bel. But may I credit this ?

Hart. But to suspect,
Were an injustice to my faith, which looks
Upon your vertue with as much religion
As love is able to receive: your age
Hath struck a reverence into my eye ;
And what you want of youth and spring upon you,
Your wisdom richly satisfies. Those characters
Which time hath written on your careful forehead,
Are but his envie, and your ornament,
VVhen it shall come to pass by your example,
That youth shall be esteem'd an infancy,
And women never ripe for love or marriage
VVithout your age upon them ; 'tis a fault
That men not guided by the tract of reason,
But heat and wantonness of blood, run giddy
To seal such weighty covenants ; better twere
The world should end in our Virginitie,
Then spin it self more length, by inconsiderate
And hasty marriages.

B./. Have you already
Retriv'd the affection which pursu'd my daughter ?
Shall I believe no seeds of love remain,
VVhich may grow up and ripen with repentance ?
For this exchange I do allow you, sir,
The consideration of my fortune, which
Might in it self incline you to accept me.

Hart. That is but an attendant, as you use it,
I must confess a welcome one, although
The mind is the first beauty which true love
Aspires to, when 'tis waited on with person

And

And an estate ; it comes with greater privilege
 To win upon's : I do not wish you, Lady,
 Rashly believe what I profess, but measure
 My service by the tryal ; I'll expect,
 And write your smiles a competent reward,
 Till time and your demand demonstrate me,
 Although not equal to your full deservings,
 Yet one that has ambition to be thought
 Not too unworthy.

Bel. And I guess ere long,
 Such an occasion will present it self.

Hart. Till then have *Hartwel* in your loving memory,
 Who wishes no more happiness of life
 Then to be call'd yours. —————

Exeunt.

Fran. VVhat have I understood ?

Star. Will you believe me another time, sweet Lady ?

Fran. It is not he, some devil does but cozen us,
 And mock our sence, with these phantastick bodies.
Hartwel !

Star. Nay 'tis the man, I hope you'll be converted,
 And think a Country-Gentleman worth favour
 That brought you to this knowledge ; I deserve. —————

Fran. My curses for this black discovery :
 VVhereas before 'twas not impossible
 In time I might be brought to pity thee ;
 Henceforth I'll look upon thee as my sins,
 And beg as much forgiveness, that I knew thee.

Star. Nay, but d'ye hear ?

Fran. Die quickly, and be forgotten.

Star. This is very fine, sweet Lady !

Fran. My mother ! Oh my fate ! see me no more,
 And I'll forgive thee. —————

Exit.

Star. Is't come to this ? I see
 I am a fool, and there's no remedy ———

Exit.

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Startup and Nurse.

Nurse. Fic, fic, I am asham'd on you, a Gentleman
Of your high promising, and be put off
So slightly?

Star. VVhy Nurse? what would you have me do?

Nurse. Do? I would have you do——something; a man
of your ability, and cannot turn and wind a woman?

Star. You would not have wished me
To have put her to't behind the hangings?

Nurse. You should have been round with her.

Star. I was round
With her; I call'd her ass, I think, and coxcomb:

Unless I should have given her the lye,
And call'd her whore, I could not be more round with her.

Nurse. I do not mean that way.

Star. And she call'd me,
I think, her——

Nurse. VVhat?

Star. Why no worse then all her sins; heaven forgive her,
She has the more to answer; nay she did
Not stick to bid me dye too, in that desperate
Estate.

Nurse. Come, you shall take another course.

Enter Clofe.

Clofe. What ailes my Masters sweet-heart? is she frightened?
I met and ask'd her for my Master, and
She turn'd tail like a hound had lost the sent;
There's something in the wind: my three pil'd worshipful,
Are you there, with my Lady o'the larder?
Now in that posture, do not they two look like

A fine Brick-House and a Thatch'd-Barn i'th' Country,
Laying their heads together? without doubt
Some pretious consultation: what poeſie
Will ſit his joynt ring, or how many yards
Of Holland without ſeaming-lace will make
His Miſtreſſ ſmock: they have ſpied me.

Nurſe. cloſe,

Come hither; nay he's faithful, and one that
Has a deſire to ſerve you: you may truſt him.

Cloſe. Your worſhip may truſt me abed w'ye; I
Have had an itch this great while, ſir, a kinde
Of longing, to be one of your appurtenances;
I have ſome faults, and I'll confeſs 'em: I have
A humour now and then when I am asked
A queſtion, to tell truth, though I be chid for't;
And I do not love blows: you may ſooner beat
My brains out, then a word of flattery:
I cannot batten upon commendation,
Without my wages, nor be valiant
Upon ſmall beer; I am not qvermuch
Given to be drunk, but I've a trick o'th' Dutchman,
To do your buſineſſ as well drunk as ſober:
I have not impudence enough to pimp
For you; but I have a gift, I can ſay nothing
As well as your chaplain; I ſuck'd ſecreſie
From mine own mother, once a bawdy Mid-wife:
I was born upon Shrove-Tueſday, and ſhall be
Now and then given to rebellion:
My fleſh will once a year riſe at a chambermaid,
If none ſuch take me down; I ſhall in malice
And deep revenge, ſling out upon *May Day*
Among the Apprentices without fear or wit:
If you chance to be arreſted, I dare kill
Any thing, but a Sergeant; he's lapt
In law, a wearing ſtronger far then buff:
If any gentleman ne'er ſo much provok'd,
Prick him between the ſeams, or knock his brains out,
Which is the ſurer way (for moſt a theſe
Vermine, would ſain be kill'd) he is ſure to take
His leave at the Towns end; his breakfast is
Tyed up, and ſtays for him, neer my Lord Mayors
Banquetting houſe, made for the City-progreſſ.

Star. I like his humour.

Nurſe. Nay he has a ſconce,
And ſhall be of our counſel; afterward,

Your

Your worship may entertain him : Look you *close*,
There is a plot to help this Gentleman
At night, when they are abed : and if you went
To bed betimes, to avoid suspicion,
'Twere never the worse ; I'll say you are not well :
D'ye mark ? this honest Gentleman shall be
Let into Mrs. *Frances* bedchamber.

close. Without her knowledge ?

Nurse. You shall only attend

To give him notice from me when to come,
And watch about the house, he may get off
Without discovery ; this is all.

close. So, so, I sha' not keep the door.

Nurse. I can do that.

close. Let me alone to give you notice who
Stirs about house.

Enter Hartwel.

Nurse. Away, 'tis Master *Hartwel*,
We'll not be seen together,
Go your ways. ———

Exit Nurse and Startup.

close. A foolish knave and baud, that do want nothing
But carting ; I would sooner see that Tryumph
Then all the Pageants a day after *Simon*
And *Jude*, when the fine City goes a feasting.
Oh sir, I have news ; yes, they are gone, brave news,
Your gentlewoman can hold out no longer :
This night there will be a stratagem ; the governess
Old madam *Humpeapampe*, the Nurse, has promis'd
To admit the Country Gentleman, when all
Are abed, into her chamber ; yes, your Mistrisfes :
I'm o'the plot to lie perdue, and give
The word if any fire-lock approach ;
The rest imagine : if he have not art to
Perlwade her to the feat with him, yet there
Be tricks, and he may be surpriz'd i'th' chamber,
And she may be compell'd to marry him, in
Her own defence : there have been such devices.

Hart. Does she consent ?

close. She is betray'd to't, Sir.

Hart. Thou wot not be so base.

close. And I had meant it,

I ne'er had told you this : can you make use

Of this intelligence ?

Hart. Th'art my honest servant.

Clofe. I promis'd to be his.

Hart. I have it, canst

By any means procure me but his cloathes ?

Clofe. With ease : he'll go to bed betimes, to void
Suspicion, that's a part of our designe.

Hart. I could not with a happier opportunity,
To try how she affects this gaudy fool,
And cleer my faith to her ; which her mothers watch
Will not permit : she has I fear observ'd
My new familiarity with the mother,
Which I'm compell'd to, and must cure this way :
Fail me not, *Clofe*, and propound thy own
Reward.

Clofe. Tell me your purpose, and let my wit
Dispose of him.

Hart. Prosper me Love in this.

Clofe. And you fall to your prayers
With good Love look about us, I shall suspect
You will not thrive: you should go to a wench
As gentlemen fall to Oysters, without ceremony,
Or saying grace ; devotion will spoil all. ———

Exeunt.

Enter Playfaire and Doctor his brother.

Doct. Right as an arrow.

Play. Witty engineer :
But was she taken with the plot ?

Doct. I was

Compell'd to frame an outside of a reason,
Lest her own mirth should play the traytor with us,
Her spleen was so dilated ; he believes
She's mad : which change makes for us.

Play. Excellent.

Doct. And he that you employ'd, the Purfivant,
Shew'd such a surly rascal, the poor Usurer
Trembled as Bauds beneath the lash.

Play. He comes then.

Doct. With as much joy, as to receive a hanging.

Play. He would be whipt, and say his prayers at *Pauls* in a
white sheet.

Doct. That were penance to him :
Nay he would pay as much as he should fine

For

For Alderman, though half his soul went with it,
For his *Quietus*; he does apprehend
Nothing but earthquakes.

Enter three Lords.

Play. How I am rampant
With the imagination? bid the musick
Be ready, they know all their flourishes:
But shift you quickly——My honourable Lords.——

Exit Doctor:

How they do look like States-men! where's your tooth-pick?
Excellent! bear your staff handsomely; contract
Your brow, and look more superciliously.

1 *Lord.* I warrant you for my part.

2 *Lord.* We came now from practice.

Play. Can ye do't with confidence?

2 *Lord.* These very cloathes have made me proud already;
It was some Lords cast sure, I'll lay my life.

3 *Lord.* And mine; it smells of honour.

Enter one with perfume.

Play. More perfume, so, so; how now man?

2 *Lord.* He looks pale; my Lord, how d'ye?

3 *Lord.* Well, well, I hope 'tis but conceipt.

Play. Of what?

3 *Lord.* Will the pox lie in cloathes? I cannot tell,
I finde some alteration in my body
Since I shifted.

Play. 'Tis a meer conceipt;
They were an honest mans, upon my knowledge,
A Captain of the Train'd-Band in the Country:
They were bought against the general muster last;
He wore 'em that day, and most carefully sent 'em up
To rase our London lavender.

3 *Lord.* Sir, you have
Satisfied me.

Play. Be sprighful: where's this Prince,
Whose nod must make us double before age?
I long to kiss his hand.

2 *Lord.* He's here.

Flourish.
Enter

Enter Lambert, Playfaire's brother, for the fourth Lord, Sir Poldavis and attendants.

Play. Now by that sprig, a pretty lump of Majesty,
No actor could become it half so royally :
But wilt thou not be out of thy Kings part,
And when wine is wanting at the banquet,
Call upon drawers, quarrel with your Nobles ?
Or when we shall present our man of mortgages,
Take him aside, and borrow half a crown
To give your whore benevolence, which trusted
For you last tilting ; or be drunk too soon,
And leave our project in the dirt ?

Lam. My Lords,
This fellow's insolence must be corrected :
Dispose him in what prison you think fit.

4 Lord. He's mad, I think.

Lam. To Bedlam with him then :
Is this a place for fools and madmen ? who
Admitted him ? take him away ; see you
He be well whipt, and let him thank our mercy,
Bandog.

Play. I quake already ; excellent *Lambert* !
Cool, cool thy lungs, and whisper with some Lord,
Thou wo't be a key too high else : good sir *Poldavis*,
Master of the house, at whose cost we are
Entertained !

Pol. My part is rotten
In my head, doubt not.

Enter Pursivant.

Play. Is he come ?

Pur. He waits at the first chamber.

Play. Then let the Lutes
Begin, and then admit him.

Lutes.

Enter Hornet.

Hor. Here's revelling, my purse must be squeez'd for't :
That's the King, the rest are bare ; how supple they are

I th'

I'th' hams? that Courtier has oyled his joynts:
He looks this way, they point at me; a rot
O'that knaves finger.

2 *Lord.* What fellow's this? who waits?

Pur. It was his Graces pleasure he was sent for.

3 *Lord.* My good Lord.

4 *Lord.* My Lord of *Noland*, as you were saying.

Lam. Is this the man whom you so much commended for his abilities?

Hor. I smell no good from that word ability.

Lam. Discreet, and read i'th' Common-wealth, a man
Fit for employment in some Embassie?

Pol. The very same.

Lam. His countenance is promising.

Pol. If the King

Of *Spain* had but his head, that politicke head,
I know who might go fish for the Low-Countries.

Lam. His garments are but course.

Pol. His mind is rich.

Hor. They praise me: I am a thousand pounds the worse.

Lam. Kneel down, thy name?

Hor. *Gyles Horner*, your poor creature.

Lam. We'll knight him.

Hor. I do beseech you, sir, to spare this honour,
I am not able to maintain my self;

There be more Knights then can live well already.

Pol. Neglect his favour?

Lam. Be it your care

To give his body more becoming ornaments,
He shall be like himself then; we will confer
More honours on him.

4 *Lord.* Do you make haste, his Grace
Will have you new thatch'd; you must have rich cloaths
Fitting your state and honourable title.

Hor. These will be good enough for me, 'las I am not able.

4 *Lord.* Nay you must have them from his Wardrobe, sir,
They'll cost you nothing; you'll not look in these
Like a poor Knight of *Windsore*.

Lam. Where be the Ladies, and the Bride?

Pol. She's your Graces handmaid; they
Are dancing, sir, within.

Lam. Direct us to 'em prethee;
VVhen he is ready give us knowledge—

Flourish. Exeunt.

4 *Lord.* Yes, sir.

Hor. VVhat will become of me?

4 *Lord.*

4 *Lord.* You were best prepare,
Your cloaths will be here presently; the King
VWill send to you before y^e are ready; cast
Your old skin off: do you not to save sheets
And trouble, wrap your self anights i^th' blankets?
Or are they asham'd to shew the linings?

Hor. Hum; if this be but a preparative for a whipping,
VWhat case am I in?

Enter Servant with cloaths.

4 *Lord.* VWell said, now they are come,
Be nimble now, and help to strip him.

Hor. 'Las, must I wear this doublet? it would yeild
Heaven knows how much to burn.

4 *Lord.* You may be desperate
VWhen 'tis on, and burn your body with it, sir.

Hor. I shaⁿot know my self.

Ser. Fit as 'twere made, sir.

Enter Playfaire.

Play. Which is sir Gyles?

Hor. I am not Knighted yet.

Play. You have your grace, and may be call'd so.

Hor. Have I the grace to be a Knight?

I am the man you please to call sir Gyles.

Play. Then I congratulate your happy fortune;
Y^e are like to be exalted; his Grace talks

Much on you; I'll be proud to be your servant:

Sir Robert, a word.

Hor. VWhat gentleman is this?

Ser. The Bridegroom, sir; in great favour I can tell you,
And new created by his Highness, Baron
Of Landskip; his living is far off.

Hor. My very good Lord, my breeches are almost on.

Ser. Here be your keys.

Hor. His Majesty has pleas'd to shine upon
A piece of barren earth.

Play. You are too modest:

The King hath been informed, sir Gyles, you are

One of the ablest men in his Dominions:

Should vertue still be cloath'd in rags? advance it

To honour and regard : you waste your brain
At home in cheap and low engagements, sweat
Your soul out, for a poor and paltry living :
Old houses, let 'em fall to the dull Lord
O'th' Manner ; swich me up a town together,
Or meddle not ; this and that strading Acre
Not worth your care : study some Monopoly,
May sweep the Kingdom at a stroak : despise
A project will not bring in half the City :
Find out a way to forfeit all the Charters :
Have an exchequer of your own, and keep
The Princes round about in pension :
These are becoming businesse, and speak a States-man.

Hor. You do talk strange things, my Lord :
So, now my keys, good gentlemen, my keys.

4 Lord. You have 'em, sir.

Hor. Cry mercy.

Play. They are things
Material to our busines.

4 Lord. And we'll have 'em again:
Let me alone, the Barbour has not done yet ;
When he's i'th' suds, we may be more familiar
With's worships pocket, and return 'em quaintly.

Play. I will account it one of my felicities
To be a witness of your honour, sir.

Hor. Oh my good Lord of *Landskip*.——

Ser. How shall we dispose of these ?

4 Lord. The Hangman will not have 'em ; and I fear
They will corrupt the well ; faith give 'em stable-room,
The are dung already.——

Enter 1 Lord.

1 Lord. My Lord, the King asks for you ; good 'fir Gyles, 'tis
so decreed ; write me i'th' number of your faithful friends.——

Play. We must attend.

4 Lord. Do not yet say he's ready,
The Barber has a duty to dispatch,
He will be an hour a rubbing, washing, powdering:
Then I'll attend him to his presence.

Play. We shall excuse him so long, still your servant——

Exit Playfaire and 1 Lord.

4 Lord. The Barber, sir, attends in the next room.

Hor. I wo't have.

4 Lord. He fears his throat.

E

Hor.

Hor. I never
Give above three pence.

4 Lord. Talk not you of charge,
You have but yet your welcome ; do not you
Think, good sir *Gyles*, but we can shave you too. — *Exeunt.*

Enter Close and Startup.

Star. Where is he, *Close* ?

Close. I told him, sir,

You lay in a chamber o'the t'other side
The house, whither he's gone with his sword drawn,
And curses of themselves able to kill you ;
You did affront him once, and now his Mistress
Has quite neglected him, for your love, he thinks ;
He'll make you an example to all rivals ;
I'll bring your cloaths t'ye after : yet your fear
And running, sir, will keep you warm enough.

Star. Honest *Close*, thou hast sav'd my life.

Close. Death, is he not behind you ? this way, good sir. — *Exeunt.*

Enter Nurse and Mistress Frances.

Nurse. Have you not made a fine choice ? I did ever
Think he was false ; your mother did but counterfeit
The love-sick widow, all this while, to try him.

Fran. To try him, *Nurse* ?

Nurse. She told me so her self,
Assuring him the state was hers, and you
At her devotion : put him to his choice
To take her with the wealth, or you with nothing ;
What followed you have heard : come, be wise yet,
And love the Country-Gentleman, that dotes on you ;
He's rich and half a fool : I'll fetch him to you. —

Exit Nurse.

Fran. My mother counterfeit ? why may not *Hartwel*
Preterid as well as she, fearing her anger
And policy, if he refus'd her love ?
I have observ'd some sorrow in his gesture,
As he were willing to deliver something,
If opportunity would give him leave:
He cannot be so false ; now I suspect
He does obey some dire necessity ;
Twould puzzle a wise lover to be so

Severely

Severely put to't.

Enter Nurse and Hartwel disguis'd.

Nurse. On like a bold Captain,
Give her a broad side, she's within your shot ;
I'll leave you.——

Exit.

Fran. 'Tis the fool ; why *Nurse* ?

Hart. Nay, flee not,
Before you hear.

Fran. 'Tis *Hartwel*.

Hart. If my voice
Betray me not.

Fran. Why in this shape ? some trick in't,
He hides his face ; I'll put him to't however,
Although the hour be unseasonable ; any time
We may express our joy : my *Nurse* once told me
You were not well, and gone to bed : your health
Is welcome as mine own ; I dare not, sir,
In modesty presume to bid you stay,
And to requite your pains, kind *Master Startup*.

Hart. She knows me not.

Fran. Forgive me if I blush :
I have no other way, but to declare
My eyes that late frown'd on your love, shall smile.

Hart. On me ?

Fran. On none but you : I have been too
Unkindly dealt withal by *Hartwel*, whom
How dearly I affected, good heavens knows :
But I have read discretion to my fancie,
And were he here, he should be witness of
My vows to you, if you accept my heart,
And can with equal truth embrace it : I
Will chuse my husband here ; you, only you :
This Faith is registred in heaven, shall challenge
From me a wives obedience.

Enter Nurse, Hartwel Planet-struck.

Nurse. Away, her mother's up ; I would not for
A thousand pound she finde you in this chamber.——

Exit Frances.

Hart. I have undone my self.

Nurse. Sweet *Master Startup*
To your own lodging, take this clofe lanthorn with ye.

Passion of me, what makes her rise ?

Hart. I will discover yet.

Nurse. Discover what ?

How ! Master Hartwel !

Hart. You have midnight-plots.

Nurse. Oh we are wretched miserable ! what have I done ?——

Exit.

Hart. Oh who shall lead me to a world where are
No women ! farewell all : I'll be above

Your charms, and finde out death a cure for love.—— *Exit.*

Finis Actus Tertius.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Startup and Close.

Star. **W**Here are we now ? 'tis very cold, why dost not
Lead to some house ?

Close. What at this time of night ?

All people are abed ; the very Owls
Are in their dead sleep : or if we could
Be admitted, would you venture a this fashion,
And publish your disgrace ? proclaim your self
Coward, and lay some imputation
Upon the place you came from, where your hopes
May yet be fair for marriage ? this brunt over,
To meet a drunkard now were comfortable,
Whose eyes inflam'd would serve instead of torches,
Or he might spit Flap-Dragons from his fire
Of Sack, and light us ; but no sober man
Considering what ease you are in, fir,
By my consent should see us.——

Star. Ha, what's that ?

Close. Where ? where ? a fire-Drake ?

Star. Now 'tis gone, 'tis bright

Again

Again, is't not a spirit ? Oh deliver me !

close. I have heard some such things use to walk the Fields.

Star. What shall I do ?

close. Pray, pray, with as much strength
As if you had no land, or were confin'd
To my Annuity ; now I hear no spirits,
This riches makes us cowards : hide your self,
I will go nearer. —————

Exit close.

Star. Dost know the devil if thou seest him, *close* ?
A pox a love, if this be the reward on't ;
Some call it fire, but I find no such matter ;
I am frozen to the blanket, and my teeth
Strike one another, and keep time like hammers ;
I do believe if they were beaten out,
They would make false Dice, there's Quick-silver in 'em
Already by their dancing.

Enter close.

close. Sir, where are you ?

Star. Here I am, here still.

close. Y^e are a dead man.

Star. More terrour ? what's the matter ?

close. 'Tis my Master
With a dark lanthorn, and pursues us, by
This darkness ; 'tis his voice, wrap your self up,
And roul into some ditch ; flight will betray us.

Star. I were as good be kil'd, and yet I'll venter. —————

Exit.

close. 'Tis he indeed, and more then I expected :
The matters do not fadge well with his Mistress.

Enter Hartwel with a dark lanthorn.

Hart. What a sweet thing is night ! how calm and harmless !
Now whispering but of leaves, on which the breath
Of heaven plays musick, to the birds that slumber :
Here are no objects to betray our sence
To a repentance ; nor can women thus
Advantag'd by the tapers of the night,
Spread their temptations to undo poor man :
What a fine book is heaven ! which we may read
Best now when every star is a fair letter :
How much they wrong thee, night, that call thee guilty
Of rapes and murders ? 'tis the day that like
A glorious whore ingageth men to act 'em ;

And

And taking then the darkness to obscure 'em,
We unjustly lay the shame upon thy brows
That art so innocent, thou never sawst 'em :
Befriended with the silence I begin
To wander ; there's no wilderness abroad
To him, that's lost at home.

Clofe. Sir.

Hart. Who's that ?

Clofe. One that has ta'en some pains for you to night :
I am *Clofe*.

Hart. VVhat mak'st thou here ?

Clofe. I wait upon my charge,
I lead your Rival a procession
In's shirt, perswading him you had resolv'd
To cut his throat else : he's hard by at's prayers,
And thinks you have pursu'd him.

Hart. Ha ! I'll do't :

Shew me the fool, by all my hopes I'll kill him,
And send his base heart, as a present to her :
Fate has presented me with this revenge,
And I will not delay his death a minute.

Clofe. Indeed, indeed you sha' not.

Hart. How ?

Clofe. You dare not.

Hart. My drudge affront me ? are you grown his champion ?
Clofe. Not I, sir, but you dare not do an act
So much against the honour of a gentleman ;
You wo't kill him basely.

Hart. No.

Clofe. VVhy then

There is no fear, but he'll live long enough :
I'll undertake, he ne'er shall grow provided
To fight with ye ; and other satisfaction,
Name it and take it ; so I'll fetch him to you.

Hart. Stay, I have been too passionate, let him live
To be her punishment ; that's revenge enough
While I pursue my own ways.

Clofe. VVhither now ?

Hart. VVhither you must not follow, by thy honesty :
I charge thee come not after me.

Clofe. That binds my attendance, sir.

Hart. But not when I command the contrary :
If thou dost move this way, thou draw'st mine anger :
Mind the preservation of the same thing you
Undertook : farewell ; if thou dost love me,

Follow

Follow not, nor question ; 'tis in my power
To loose thee or my self.——

Exit.

close. I cannot see i'th' dark with spectacles,
And mine eyes have lost him o'the sudden ;
VVell, I must hope the best : what shall I do
VVith my hen-hearted lover, who would give
Half his estate, this cold fit were well over ?
I shall make work for the Physicians:
Caudles and Cullices will not restore him ;
If he but scape with life, I am not sorry :
He may be a souldier, and endure the trenches ;
I put him first to the becoming sufferance.
But what are these ? an army of horns and halberts ?
Upon my conscience the VVatch : I thought
The Fields had not been haunted with these goblins :
I cannot run ; if I should squat, and they
Find me, there were no mercy but *Bridewell*,
Or some such lousie place : I am resolv'd
To cast away a few good words upon 'em ;
A leg, and worshipping the Constable
That leads the rusty regiment, will quit me ;
I pass the gates with't often, and so may
The devil, if he pay the Porter. Bless ye
My Masters, what a clock is't ?

Enter Constable and Watch.

1 *watch.* VVho goes there ?

Const. I charge you stand.

close. Your worship may do much.

Const. VVhere have you been ?

close. At *Islington*, an't please you, about business.

2 *watch.* Some thief I warrant him, no honest man,
I know by his basket-hilt ; some rogue that watches :
The Fields are pester'd with such sturdy robbers.

close. He is a rogue that watches, for my part.

Const. He calls my VVatch-men rogues, perfidious traytor.

1 *watch.* How ! Master Constable,
You are one your self

Const. Sirrah I will teach you to commit felony.

close. How, sir ? will you teach me to commit felony ? take
heed what you say, if I commit felony by your authority.

Const. My tority shall stretch for't : away with him ; if you
be not whipt for these intergatories, his Majesty shall keep his
own peace himself ; is this a time anight to call honest men
rogues ? away with him.

close.

close. Good fir.

2 Watch. We will provide you lodging.

close. Where?

2 Watch. New prison.

close. But are you in earnest, gentlemen? for what?

1 Watch. For answering the Constable.

close. Cry him mercy,

I shew'd him too much manners, if there be
No remedy.

2 Watch. We'll humble you.

close. I have a

Companion hereabouts: where are you, fir?

within. Star. Here in a ditch.

1 Watch. They seldom go alone,

We'll find him out. Ha firrah?

close. Do you hear,

You watch about these places for no good,
It seems.

Const. We watch indeed for knaves.

close. You dare not

Speak to their faces: some of you I am sure
Do watch for your good Masters o'th' Parish.

Enter Startup.

Star. I thank you honest men; where art thou, *close*?

close. Here: these good men will help us to a lodging.

Star. Blessing a'their heart; I am almost starv'd.

Const. Yes, yes, we'll d'ye that favour: come away, fir.

Star. Where shall we go now?

1 Watch. To prison.

Star. How, *close*?

Const. You shall be close enough.

close. I follow, fir,

I cannot leave you in adversity:

All this is for your health: clean straw is warm, fir.

You have the benefit of being naked;

I shall have work to morrow in my woollen.

Const. Away, away, bring 'em away. —

Exeunt.

Enter Mistress Bellamy and Nurse.

Bel. I heard some noise, look, call up the servants,
See if the gentlemen beaded; I'm troubled
I have not dealt so nobly as became me

Exit Nurse.

VWith

With *Hartwel*; and that love which I pretended,
If I have drawn his fancy to affect me,
Must make him satisfaction; his language
And soft demeanor, when he gave me up
His resolution, made me quite forget
My purpose to have chid him for his levity,
So soon to leave my daughter, who I know
Hath plac'd him neer her heart; and I have done
Her injurie, by this tryal of her truth.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Oh Mistress!

Bel. What's the matter?

Nurse. Master *Startup*

Is not abed, nor Master *Hartwel*.

Bel. This is very strange.

Nurse. I dare not tell her of his shift, they're gone,
The doors I found left open, and no signe
Which way they are bestow'd.

Bel. This puzzles me:

Pray heaven there be no mischief in this absence:

Is *Francis* abed?

Nurse. Yes.

Bel. What should

Move 'em to leave my house so late? and Master *Hartwel*
Without his cloaths? some knock; they're there; go see. — *Knock.*

Exit Nurse.

Bestrow me but I trembled.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. 'Tis a stranger,
And says he would speak with you.

Bel. At this late hour?

What accidents are these? from whence?

Nurse. I know not.

Bel. Has he no name? what should this mean?

Nurse. He says,

He is a Country-man of Master *Startup*.

Bel. Admit him, he perhaps may bring some newes.

Enter Country-Gentleman.

Coun. By your leave Mistress, pardon my importunity

F

At

At so unfit an hour.

Bel. Yare welcome, sir.

Coun. I met with fortunate directions,
Though I came late : I understand you have
A guest, one *Startup*, of *Northamptonshire*,
That comes a woiing to your daughter.

Bel. Such

A one there was that sup't with us, and went
To bed ; but since, as I have faith, I know not
Which way he has convey'd himself : another
Gentleman too is missing, and his rival.

Coun. Pray do not mock me, Lady ; I have rid
A great way, and the busines much concerns him.

Bel. You may believe me : he is no such treasure,
I should conceal him.

Enter Frances.

Coun. Then I see you dally ;
Know, Mistress, you may slack your preparations,
Your daughter must look out another husband ;
He is contracted.

Fran. How !

Coun. And something more,
Gotten with childe one that without blushing
I cannot call my daughter ; he shall make
Her credit streight again : although my fortunes
Have no equality with his, I shall
Finde law to force him.

Fran. You prefer'd this sutor :
This news returns my blood.

Bel. Sir, you shall finde
All truth I have delivered ; I am not sorry
To hear this news ; this is no time to seek him :
Please you accept the lodging that was his :
My servant shall attend you in the morning,
To help you search.

Coun. You seem a noble gentlewoman,
I take your courtesie.

Bel. Nurse, a light : pray walk, sir.— *Exit Coun. and Nurse.*

Fran. I was unkind to *Harriwel*, he not wise :
But love still apprehends too much or nothing.

Bel. *Frances*, a word : do you not know what is
Become o'these Gentlemen ?

Fran. Not I, their absence is strange to me.

Bel.

Bel. Oh *Franck*, I am undone,

Fran. Good heaven forbid.

Bel. This Gentleman, Master *Hartwel*,
Whom we shall never see again, I fear.

Fran. How, mother ! are you acquainted with any cause to
fear thus ?

Bel. 'Tis in vain to tell thee how I lov'd him.

Fran. Bless my senses ! you love him ?

Bel. 'Bove all the world, affectionately plac'd him
Too neer my heart.

Fran. I heard you made pretence
Of love, to try him for my sake ; and pardone me
If yet I dare not believe more.

Bel. Oh *Franck* !

Fran. My heart doth tremble, I feel coldness run
Through all my veins.

Bel. I had no other thought
At first, but wisely to distinguish whether
His heart was fixt on thee, or my estate ;
With resolution, if I found him more
A courtier of thy fortune, then thy person,
To punish him with loss of both : but love
Hath chang'd the scene and title of our Comedy ;
And what I meant should slip——All his hopes,
Hath ruin'd us : his modest and calm answer,
To accept my tender, with such force and reason
Directed to my fancie, turn'd my purpose,
And made me his indeed, his perfect lover :
But now we have both lost him.

Fran. All the piety
That ever taught children to love their mother,
Will but suffice to keep my heart obedient :
Was ever maid so miserable ? was there
No other in my fate to be my rival ?
I live too long : Oh break, my poor heart, break ;
Then she that gave me life, hath took it from me.

Bel. Why do you weep ?

Fran. I do not weep ; or if
I do, I know not why.

Bel. Now I perceive,
Thy duty was but counterfeit ; you love him,
Upon my life you love him still : have my
Commands no more respect ? my care and love
So ill rewarded ? that I desiring
One comfort in the world, and shall my child

Rise up to take that from me ?

Fran. Alas, I knew not

You lov'd him too ; indeed I had rather die
Then you should call me rebel : parents often
Affect not where their children love ; but you
With too much loving what my thoughts delight in,
Have quite undone your daughter.

Bel. Now I see

The cause of his departure in this fashion :
Pray heaven he have not made away himself :
Did ever childe deceive a mother so ?
I have a sad presage ; you may to bed,
And rise again without my blessing ; yet
You may stay—Wherefore should I despair
Of his return ? you say you could not tell
That I affected him.

Fran. Indeed not I,

And do believe it now against my will ;
But I am your daughter.

Bel. Shewing it in conforming

Your self to my desires, and what is past
I can forgive you : if he come again,
Will you be rul'd, and shew no favour to him ?
For 'tis in you I see to make me happy :
I will not tye you to affect th'other :
Chuse any for your husband, but this man,
My love and prayers shall go along with you.
Answer.

Fran. Indeed I dare not, yet could I

Put off the knowledge that you are my mother.

Bel. What then ?

Fran. Though my imagination allow'd you
The greatest Empress in the world , whose frown
Could kill, and eyes at pleasure make alive
Again, thus I could answer.

Bel. pray let's hear ?

Fran. You do not well to heap oppression :
Authority was given to preserve,
Not kill the poor beneath you : I durst tell you
In confidence of my cause, that you betray
Two innocents to sorrow ; and though heaven
Look on, and seem to smile upon your cruelty,
Yet there is thunder, for divorcing those,
Whose hearts That hath conjoyn'd : I durst say more,
Though all your terrors were prepar'd to punish
My bold defence, and call you tyrant.

Bel.

Bel. How?

Fran. A most unjust, a sacrilegious tyrant.

Bel. You would not be so violent.

Fran. That do

Not onely ruine and deface the altar,
But steal away the very sacrifice :
And I durst adde, and smile upon your anger,
Though as you frown'd, death lurk'd in every wrinkle,
My soul's above your tyranny ; and would
From torturing flames receive new fire of love,
And make your eye faint to behold the brightness
Of my poor bodies Martyrdome ; and if ever
Love shew'd a miracle, my heart should bear
The characters of him you have torn from it,
With beams about it like a Saint that suffer'd.
But as you are my mother, thus I kneel,
And beg a pardon for my innocence ;
If that offend you, live you happy still,
And be the Mistress of your vows : live to
Enjoy whom you affect ; may every hour
Return new blessings on you both ; renew
Your spring, and let him think you young again ;
And let me beg but this for all my duty,
Against the day you marry him, to provide
My coffin ; for I fear, I sha' not have
Breath many minutes after, to pray for you :
The herbs that shall adorn your bridal chamber,
Will serve my funeral, and deck my hearse :
Beneath which you shall say, There lies your daughter
That dy'd to shew obedience.

Bel. Why shouldst thou
Continue thus to him ?

Fran. I know he loves me
Still, though hereafter your affections
May meet.

Bel. And they shall meet,
But never to procure thee one bad thought :
Now I have tryed you both, assure my child
I lov'd him but for thee ; dispose thy self
To be his bride ; this news at his return
Will make all well : ——— To rest.

Fran. Can this be true ?

Bel. 'Twere sin to mock thee any more ——— To bed.

Fran. No, I'll spend all this night in prayers for you,
My dearest mother : Oh my Hartwel, ———

Exeunt.
Enter

Enter Playfaire, and the Doctor his Brother.

Doct. How like you her now ?

Play. The morning never bloom'd
So fresh, nor *Venus* with more charms upon her :
Adon would melt before her eye, and woo
Her kisses at the expence of her last breath :
Cupid himself, could he but see, would fall
In love with her, and throwing away his shafts,
Offer the empty quiver to her eyes,
Ambitious to fill it with her beams,
The least of which would wound more hearts, then all
His stock of golden arrows.

Doct. No more raptures.

Play. Didst thou not know before, that love is able
VVithout the help of sack to make a poet ?
My nimble *Mercury* ; *Joves* Herald in
Reversion.

Doct. I confess,
I had a trick of *Mercury*, when I pick'd
His pocket for the keys.

Play. He never mist 'em.

Doct. His eyes were drench'd in suds, and we return'd 'em
Ere they recover'd light.

Play. 'Twas excellent,
He was in darkness still.

Doct. D'ye think he'll know her ?

Play. His cloaths already have .
Made him forget himself ; or if he have
But the remembrance of such a woman,
The more he sees her now, the more he'll think
The change impossible.

Doct. VVhere have you left him ?

Play. I'th' Gallery, where with much patience,
He does expect his Highness will send for him.

Doct. Then all runs smooth, his wonder does continue.

Play. I fed that humour artificially,
He is half perswaded all is but a dream yet :
To which imagination, his cloaths
Are a great help, because he paid not for 'em:
Sometimes he is very merry, then again
He struts about with such a scurvie pride,
As some new crept into nobility,
VVhen some of their first livery come to see 'em.

His

His honour has so chang'd him, that he now
Knows not of what religion he is ;
Or if by chance he thinks of his first faith,
He spits o'th' hangings, and excuses with
I do not like the story, 'tis apocryphal :
Sometimes he'll offer at a jest,
Frown upon any man that will presume
To have more knowledge in worse cloaths : I told him
It was his Graces pleasure he should be
Controuler at the Mask, and he did sweat
As he were studying for some mighty oaths
To clear the presence.——He is here, away——

Exit Doctor and Playfaire.

Enter Hornet and Poldavis.

Hor. Are you the Master of the house, sir *Poldavis* ?
I heard you call'd.

Pol. It is my name,

Sir Gyles, unworthy of this Grace his Highness
Is daign'd to shew in honouring of my daughter.

Hor. And was she married this morning, say you ?

Pol. This morn she lost her Virgin-Name.

Hor. I have

Not seen her yet, nor any of the Ladies ;
You have but little noise methinks i'th' house.

Pol. It would offend his Grace.

Hor. VVho as you say

Came hither privately, with a small train
Of Lords: would *I* might see his face again :
I am not sent for yet ; *I* have been ready,
Sir Pol——these three hours ; and *I* do wonder
His Grace so much forgets himself.

Flourish.

✱ *Pol.* That musick
Speaks him on entrance.

Enter Lambert, Playfaire and attendance.

Lam. *I*, this garb becomes him ;
How was his person lost within that shape
He was first presented to me !

Hor. Indeed the case
Is something altered, by your Highness bounty,
To your poor servant *Hornet*.

Play. How he looks

As

As he did scorn the Quorum, and were hungry
 To eat a States-man ! 'las an office in
 The household is too little for a breakfast,
 A Baron but a mornings draught, he'll gulp it
 Like a round egge in Muscadine ; methinks
 At every wiping of his mouth, should drop
 A golden saying of Pythagoras :
 A piece of *Matchiavel* ! see already
 Hang on his beard, which wants but stroking out ;
 The statutes and the *Magaa Charta* have
 Taken a Lease at his tongues end.

Lam. We'll think on't ; he shall be—— But
 To the banquet : Then let the Mask be ready,
 There we shall employ your worthy diligence.—— *Flourish.*
Exit Lambert and attendance.

Hor. Heaven bless your mighty Grace.

Play. You'll follow.——

Exit Playfaire.

Hor. I attend you presently :

I know not what to think of these things yet ;
 'Tis very strange I should be thus exalted,
 Without desert, best known unto my self :
 Princes I see are mortal, and may be
 Deceived in placing of their honours : I
 Am little better then a favorite,
 If these be true, if these be true ; 'tis a question,
 Let me consider wisely ; it may be
 I am not I, not *Hornet*, no, I'm a Knight :
 Are these my cloaths ? I do not use to wear such :
 A pocket in my sleeve, and velvet hose,
 Six times translated since they were a Midwifes
 Forepart, were things I wore on holydays :
 The price of these would break a Camels back ;
 And yet some men walk under them like Elephants,
 And have variety as the devil were
 Their Taylour ; who best knows where all their land lies :
 Then why this cost on me ?—— 'Tis a dream ;
 I am now confirm'd, a very idle dream,
 And I am very glad on't : 'tis impossible
 It should be true, it does not hang together :
 I will have patience, till I wake again,
 And care not what becomes on't.

Enter Playfaires brother for the 4 Lord.

4 *Lord.* 'Tis his highness pleasure,

Now

Now the banquet's done.——

Hor. How, the banquet done ! I was coming to't
You could hardly say grace by this time.

4 *Lord.* That's a ceremony
Grown out of use ; it was a running banquet.

Hor. A running ! so it seems, it was a galloping banquet,
For you made haste : I do dream certainly,
There's no fence nor reason in any thing they do.

4 *Lord.* You know your place,
The Mask will streight begin ; and his Grace will not
Have any one admitted : he resolves,
If the conceipt affects him, it shall be
Perform'd at Court hereafter : i'th' mean time
He does command all privacie ; they are
Some set to guard the door, but your care must
Provide his Highness be not interrupted :
Hark, they are rude already——

Exit.

Hor. Let me alone :
What turbulent knave is that ?

Within. I am a Country-Gentleman, sir Gyles ;
And if I may presume upon good cloaths,
You may before his Grace call me your Cozen,
And not be asham'd : here is a Lady too.

Hor. A Lady too ? is she with child ? what makes she
Here, and she be with child already ? I
Tell thee, none such shall be admitted while
I am in place——More rapping——Keep the doors.
If I do fall a swearing once, look to't.

Within. I beseech you for my wives sake.

Hor. Thy wives ?

What's he that pleads in *forma pauperis* ?

Within. A Citizen, and like me.

Hor. Like me ? thou liest, I am more like a Lord,
Thou sha't fare ne'er the better for that word :
Knock down the women, if there be a hundred,
And make their husbands drunk, the guard are lazie :
These womens insolence will force a statute :
I will petition to the Prince my self,
They may have liberty but once a year
To see the galliesoyst, then be confin'd
To their chamber and one 'Prentise—— Yet again ?

Within. Sir Gyles, sir Gyles, you know me well enough.

Hor. But while I am in office, I know no body.

Within. I am your Scrivener.

Hor. Draw the purse wherein

G

Thou

Thou keptst thy ears, and leave 'em at the door,
The guard trusts none without a pawn; they'll serve
If they be ne'er redeem'd, to seeth in milk
For a sore throat.

Within. Sir Gyles, here is your Neece.

Hor. My Neece! the devil she is.

Neece. *Within.* Pray Uncle let me in.

Enter Servant.

Hor. Her very voice——Ha, open the doors there:
Where is she?

Ser. Whom?

Hor. My Neece that call'd me?

Ser. None call'd, nor was there any women here.

Hor. No, nor my Scrivener, hawling out for Gyles?

Ser. Not any nam'd your worship.

Hor. Then I dream,

And I am a fool to make a question on't.—— *Exit Servant.*

Within. Ha, ha, ha.

Hor. The Knaves laugh at me too; but let 'em: I
Shall be as merry with this tale to morrow.

Flourish.

What fancies men have in their sleep sometimes!
His Highness! where be the Ladies?

Enter Lambert, Poldavis and attendants.

Pol. They are all i'th' Mask.

Hor. Nay, no matter where; why do I ask the question?

Pol. You'll see them, sir, anon.

Poldavis gives papers to

Wilt please your Grace,

Lambert and for Gyles.

And you, sir Gyles, the subject of the Mask?

Hor. What's here? *The three Goddesses Contention for the Golden Ball.*
Dance.

*Enter Playfaire in his own apparel: He dances with
a golden Ball in his hand.*

Hor. This is *Pais*, ha! I have seen that face before now.

Enter Juno, Pallas and Venus.

Hor. These are the three Goddesses.

Lam. *Juno, Pallas and Venus.*

The

*The Goddesses dance, and court Paris for his Ball :
To Juno enters one like a King ; She takes off
his Crown, and offereth it to Paris : he accepts
not.*

Hor. Juno doth woo him with her State and Kingdom.
Lam. But he refuses.

*To Pallas enters one like a Souldier, plum'd and
rich : She presents him to Paris, with a book ; he
refuses.*

Lam. He is not for her service, though she offer
To make him Scholar and a Souldier,
A compleat man.

Hor. That Fairy wins the Ball.

*To Venus comes Cupid, leading in Hornets Neece,
richly drest.*

Hor. Ha ! that is my Neece.

Pol. Which, sir Gyles ?

Hor. That Lady whom Dame Venus and her brat are busie
withal.

Pol. Contain your self, sir Gyles, that is the Bride.

Hor. The Bride quotha !

Pol. Married this morning.

*Paris gives Venus the Ball : Juno, Pallas, King
and Souldier.———* *Exeunt Maskquers.*

Hor. These are my keys ; she's safe enough at home,
And has but half her wits, as I remember :
The devil cannot juggle her from my custody : Ha, ha,
I do dream still.

Lam. 'Tis time to break off sports : how like you this,
Sir Gyles ?

Hor. A very pretty dream.

Lam. I see you wou'd be abed ; you are not us'd to such late
hours.

Pol. Lights for his Highness.

Hor. I humbly beg your licence,
I may return to my old lodging.

Lam. Well sir, 'tis easily granted. _____

Flourish.

Exit Lambert and attendants.

Pol. Lights for sir Gyles, one shall attend you home.

Hor. Ha, ha, ha.

Pol. Why do you laugh?

Hor. At a conceipt, at a conceipt:

What did I eat last night, to make me dream thus? — *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus.

*Enter Hartwel, Country-Gentleman, Servant
and Officers.*

Hart. **Y**OU have done well.

Coun. *V*Would you had done no worse:
These are his cloaths, and you must give account
How you came by 'em, and produce him safe,
Ere you acquit your self: we may suspect
You have kill'd him.

Hart. Then I obey my destiny:
Justice will still pursue the guilty person;
Dispose me where you please.

Ser. He does confess.

Hart. What ere you be, you can but have my life
For his: all your revenge can reach no higher,
And to the law I yeild my self.

Coun. My hopes are
Cold as his blood whom thou hast slain: thou hast
Been cruel in this act, to me and mine,
VWhose fames in him are miserably wounded;
But look for the reward.

Hart. I must expect it:
In the mean time, I wo't not beg your mercy;
Life is a burden I would fain be rid of,

Does

Does weary me to carry it.

Ser. I'll acquaint

My Mistress.

Con. Do so : to the next justice with him,

Come away. —

Exit.

Enter Hornet.

Hor. She's gone ; she's gone, I shall run mad : my Niece,
Rob'd of three thousand pounds in her escape,
And yet the doors were safe : some witch has taught her,
Or some French boy, to clime a chimney ; else
I cannot think which way she is convey'd :
I find too late, I am awake and gul'd,
Nor know I whom to accuse for my tormentors,
Devils or men ; but sure they were not men,
But very fiends I revell'd with last night :
Though mortals want no malice, they have not art
To undo me of this fashion : Oh that I
Knew where to meet the prince of devils knighted me ;
The Poets call him *Pluto*, god of riches ;
I and my learned counsel would undo him
In law, in very law, which he should find
Hotter ere I had done, then hell it self,
And call his place of torments in three terms,
But a refreshing to't : yet let me see,
I have her portion still, though she be vanish'd ;
That's better then my Niece ; but if she marry,
I loose it all ; there, there is the vexation.

Enter Lambert.

Lam. Save Master *Hornet*.

Hor. 'Tis too late, away,

I do not love unnecessary complement.

Lam. This he ?

Hor. Yes I am he, am I not very fine ?

What do you think this trim will cost me ? ha !

Three thousand pound, no more.

Lam. The broker wo't not

Lend half the money.

Hor. Will you, sir, be gone ?

I have no money to lend now ; it is not

You know in fashion, with rich cloaths.

Lam. I am

For

For other purpose, and with news perhaps
You would be willing to receive ; you have
A Neece.——

Hor. No, such a creature was in my possession :
Do you know where she is ?

Lam. I imagine.

Hor. Hal good Master *Lambert*, pray forward ;
You shall have mony upon good security.

Lam. I thank you sir, for nothing ; I owe you
Too much already, on these terms.

Hor. My Neece,
As you were saying.

Lam. Were you knighted lately ?

Hor. Ha ! is that talk abroad ?

Lam. No general rumour ; by a chance I came
Where such a thing was whisper'd, only whisper'd,
Just as he was describ'd : in my opinion
Yare very hanlome , and do look as like.——

Hor. An as.

Lam. VVhy you shall have it, sir.

Hor. But touching

My Neece, good sir, that most ungratious giglot,
That's run or stolen away , juggled last night
Out of my doors.

Lam. Did she not leap the Casement ?

Hor. Do not encrease my agonie, you came.——

Lam. With civil meaning to discover how
You may be abus'd.

Hor. VVhat mony do you want, sir ?
Your own bond shall suffice.

Lam. I have forsworn

Writing my name, or mark ; but I can tell you.——

Hor. Where I may finde this Girl ?

Lam. More I can do,
If need require ; 'tis in my power to give
Her back to your possession, and I am willing.

Hor. An honest man.

Lam. On reasonable conditions,
And such as shall not trench on borrowing mony.

Hor. Honester yet.

Lam. For you shall give it freely, and get by it :
Sir, you must understand, if I do this,
I shall betray a friend of mine, that has
Put me in trust ; one that intends to marry her,
D'ye mark ? and get three thousand pound upon her ;

One that has lent me sums too, without parchment,
Or foolish circumstance to be return'd ;
VVhich you were never yet so much a Christian,
As to be guilty of, in your Usurers Gallon
Of Conscience-melting Sack : this deserves something,
'Tis part of my renew : younger brothers
Are glad of pension ; it helps to tooke
At Ordinaries, and pay trifling reckonings, that
Arise to a bill or tedious circumstance
Of cleer Orphographic, for Cock and Mallard,
VVhich puts the Bar-boy to Arithmetrick,
Because some expedition is required ;
You have a bond of mine.

Hor. For fifty pounds.

Lam. I had but forty, and the Scrivener paid ;
VVith whom your worship too perhaps divided :
If you remember, there were precious dinners,
Ere I could count the chickens all together ;
Which was your thrift and my expence : you shall
First cancel that bond ; nay this wo't do't,
And give, d'ye mark ? give me a hundred pieces,
Perhaps I'll drink your health ; this shall betray
Your Neece again, give her into your hands,
Though for my treachery I be sung in ballads,
And have the Town-curse, if I ever marry,
To shew my wife can graft well.

Hor. 'Tis too much,
For no more labour, sir.

Lam. If you consider,
Two hundred will not bring me to't again :
Thus fair I'll deal with ye, I'll not have a cross
Till I have don't, but then I will be sure on't :
Fetch, fetch the business.

Hor. The bond is ready.

Lam. I will have ready money too, you have
Bags of all sizes, and denominations ;
Those things do promise well,
Now I attend you.

Hor. Do this feat for me, and 'tis all thine own, — *Exeunt.*

Enter Justice, Playfaire, his Brother, Neece.

Just. Now we may wish you joy, the Priest hath tyed
That knot, no subtilty nor malice can
Dissolve ; and I repent not I have been

An

An actor in your Comedy ; though I should not
Be temp'd easily to such another
Engagement: for your sake, I have dispenc'd with
My person and my place

Play. You were always
My loving Unkle.

Neece. Sir, you have in this
Deserv'd our lives and fortunes.

Bro. I have plaid
My part too.

Play. Thou hast shewed thy self a Doctor,
VVhich shall be a happy *Omen* to thy studies.

Bro. I have shew'd my self a Brother, sir.

Neece. That name
I must know often too.

Bro. Most happy in
A vertuous Sister, I congratulate
Again your with'd enlargement, and the meeting
Of both your loving hearts.

Play. It was good mirth,
To hear him confident all our device
VVas but a dream.

Just. He is awake by this time,
Should *Lambert* fail, we'll have another way
To invite him ; and if honestie prevail not,
Force shame, till he consent.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Some offenders, sir,
Are brought to be examined.

Just. Nephew, withdraw, with your fair Bride ; these troubles
Are incident to my place, I'll soon dispatch 'em.——

Exit Playfaire, Brother, Neece and Servant.

Enter Hartwel, Country-Gentleman and Officers.

Just. How now, my Masters ; Master *Hartwel* ? ha !

Har. Look on me, sir, as a delinquent ; these
Are able to accuse me.

Just. VVhat's his offence ?

Cona. Nothing but killing of a man.

Just. VVhat proof ?

Cona. He has confest it, sir.

Enter

'Enter Mistress Bellamy and Frances.

Just. Mistress Bellamy,
You're come in a sad time ; here's Master Hartwel
Accus'd for killing.

Bel. 'Tis not possible ;
Good sir, believe it not.

Just. He does confess.

Hart. I am not worth your pity, gentle Lady :
In vain I should extenuate my fact,
To save the trouble of examinations ;
Here I confess again my hand is guilty
Of killing him, whose feeble arm durst not
Lift up a weapon to defend himself.

Just. That was not manly.

Hart. I but slew a coward so,
Start up ; and could I call his life again,
I should as soon destroy it ; you perhaps
Know not my provocations ; he was
My Rival, sir : pardon me, Mistress Bellamy,
To whom I only seem'd a proselyte
In love : I had no heart to give from her ;
And in my study to decline your anger,
I fell upon her scorn ; which in a few minutes
Engag'd me to this fate : nor am I troubled,
That I must die ; when she upon whose faith
I durst have laid the hopes of my eternity,
Hath violated all the trust of woman.

Coun. Will't please you, sir?

Just. Forbear a little.

Hart. Tell me, thou most unkind, if thou didst love
At all ; how couldst thou think I could be such
A desperate Atheist, that thou so soon,
With so strange Apostacie, should'st revenge it ?
These swelling drops, which in thy innocence
Might have prevail'd to have restor'd the dead,
Heaven now doth look on, and despise ; and though
Thou shed moist tribute on this tomb, 't shall slide
Neglected on the marble, and be lost ;
As if the stone had sence, to punish thy
Disdain of me ; I can behold thee weeping,
And not be mov'd to wish I were not guilty
Of killing him, whose love had been thy triumph ;
And I dare boldly still stand in the contempt

H

OF

Of what I am to suffer, and the justice
 Of my own truth; challenge thy soul to answer,
 In what I was beneath that gaudy fool,
 Excepting that he had more earth than I
 To help his scale, which yet he may be in debt for
 To his fathers sins; alive he could not merit
 One cold disdain from thee; and dead, how comes it
 He should be worth thy tears? but let thy eyes
 Chide this unruly sorrow: dress thy cheeks
 With thy fresh blood again, and let thy face
 Open a book of smiles, in the assurance
 I have not long to live: when I have numbred
 A few sad minutes, thou shalt be reveng'd,
 And I shall never trouble thee; if this
 Be not enough, extend thy malice further,
 And if thou find'st one man that lov'd me living,
 Will honour this cold body with a grave,
 Be cruel, and corrupt his charity:
 So fare you well.

Fran. Yet you must stay and hear me.

Bel. He shall not suffer, if my friends or state
 Can purchase him a pardon: where's the body
 Of him that's slain?

Conn. We know not, here is all
 The free confession of the fact.

Bel. This may
 Proceed from discontents: life to some men
 Is but their torment, in whose pain they will
 As on the rack, often confess what never
 Was in their thought.

Hart. Speak it again, and I
 Dare promise thee to live.

Fran. My heart was ever
 Constant, my mothers love was but thy trial,
 As mine, a seeming change in thy disguise,
 Applied by thy too tender apprehension;
 The words were, I would chuse my husband here:
 But what will this avail us?

Hart. Master Justice, I here discharge you.

Just. How!

Hart. My joy obeys
 No limits, I accus'd my self unjustly:
Startup's alive.

Just. Where?

Mart. Nay I know not that:

My servant's with him, but if he have plaid
The hangman, starv'd or smother'd him in a ditch,
I have made fair work.

Bel. This were a welcome truth.

Enter Servants.

Ser. Sir, the Constable.

Just. I had rather it had been *Lambert* and the Usurer.
But wait, and give me knowledge when they come.——

Exit Servant.

Enter Constable, Close, Startup, Officers.

Const. Where's Master Justice?

Hart. Ha! 'tis he and *Close*,

Then I am secure, your pardon and thy love.

Bel. You have it freely, and a mothers prayers
For both your happiness.

Const. Please your worship, I have brought before you two
vagrants that we took last night i'th' field, between one and
two a clock in the morning; very suspicious vagrants; and by
my own authority, I condemn'd 'em because it was late.

Star. Shall we be hang'd, *Close*? we are condemn'd already.

Const. Coming this morning to the prison, I found them
drinking away sorrow in double jugs, to the very staggering
of my authority: I beseech your worship to draw a pair of Mit-
tens for 'em both; for they deserve to be made samplers,
and whipt for the edification of the Common-wealth.

Hart. This is the Gentleman was kill'd, fir.

Star. No, fir,

Not kill'd outright, but I was almost starv'd
With cold; these Gentlewomen know me,
And I should know that hose and doublet;
Those garments that you wear, I oft have seen.

Hart. Well said *Jeronymo*.

Star. I was fain to borrow
These of a prisoner, that lies in upon
A diamond.

Just. Officers you are discharg'd——

Exit Officers.

Star. And we too?

Just. Yes, and joy in every bosom.

Hart. *Close*, you must know this Mistress.

Star. How!

Hart. My wife, fir.

close. It is enough for you to know her, sir,
And me to acknowledge.

Coun. D'ye know me, sir?

Star. Yes, and your daughter too:
Who brought you to town?

Coun. And you shall right her.

Star. Is she grown crooked? pox on her, I know too well:
Peace, not a word more, I know your meaning,
Do not discredit me, and we'll steal down
And marry her, ere any be aware on't:
I w^o not stay to shift me, take no leave:
The jest will be, when I am in the Country,
How like an Ass he'll look on my apparel.

Exit Startup and Coun.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, Master Lambert, and if I be not
Mistaken, the Usurer *Hornet* very gallant.

Just. I must entreat your patience a while;
You'll meet with friends i' the next room.

Exeunt: manet Justice.

Enter Lambert and Hornet.

Lam. Excuse
Our boldness, sir, this gentleman.

Just. I should know him:
Master *Hornet*, you are very welcome.

Hor. Good sir,
No ceremony, we are come to you
'Bout business: I have lost my Niece, and would
Know where she is.

Just. D'ye take me for a Wizzard?

Lam. With your favour, our desires are that you would
Be witness to a bargain, and receive
Some trifles, sir, in trust to be delivered
To me, if I restore his kinswoman.

Hor. Not else, on that condition I deposite
These hundred pieces and a bond; if he
Deliver me my Niece, they are his fraught;
If not, they call me owner.

Lam. Pardon, sir,
That I presume to bring this trouble to ye.

Just. 'Tis none at all.

Lam.

Lam. You sha'not expect long ;
So rest you merry.——

Exit Lambert.

Just. How fare you, sir ?

Hor. As you see, fain away an inch since morning ;
But this will physick me : if I possess
This harlotry again , I'll make her sure ;
Trust not a woman, they have found the herb
To open locks, not brasen towers can hold 'em:
Or if they get not loose, they have the vertue
Of Load-stones shut up in a box ; they'll draw
Customers to 'em ; nay being dead and buried,
There is suspition they will break the grave ;
Which puts so many husbands to the charge
Of heavie stones, to keep their bad wives under.

Just. You are mov'd.

Hor. Oh Master Justice, you are honest :
I have been abus'd, so miserably cheated,
I am asham'd to think on't : stay, what Musick ?——
Ha ! 'tis my Neece ; the very, very same.

Musick.

Enter Lambert and Neece.

Lam. There, sir, you have her, and the rest is mine.

Hor. Take it——And you shall go along with me.

Neece. How, Uncle !

A reveller ? you'll lead me a Coranto.

Hor. You shall dance homewards.

Enter Playfair and his Brother.

Play. What make you so familiar with my wife?

Hor. Ha ! wife ! is she married ?

Bro. 'Tis upon record,

I'll bring a Parson that shall take his oath on't.

Hor. Give me my bond and money, Master Justice :
Where ? where ?

Lam. Here, but they are not to be recover'd
By law : I have a judgement, sir, against you.

Hor. You have conspir'd, to rob, cheat and undo me :
You shall be all Star-Chamber'd.

Neece. Sir, be calm, and hear us.

Hor. I'll hear nothing.

Play. Yes, you shall,
It will be necessary : I am bold,
Presuming on her favour to demand

A parcel of three thousand pound ; the sum
Belongs to me by vertue of a marriage,
And I must have it.

Hor. Vertue of a marriage ?

Just. I saw the Priest conjoyn their hands ; he will
Deserve your love.

Lam. Perhaps you may continue
A thousand, or two thousand on secur'ity.

Hor. What persecution this ?

Bro. Faith sir consider,
'Tis more safe to see her thus bestowed,
Then trust a Jury ; if the Doctor had
Given her too much Opium, or purg'd
Her soul away, things might go worse : but I'll
Keep counsel.

Hor. So, so, have ye mortified me yet ?

Lam. For your own sake, and as you are a true knight,
I'll tell no tales.

Enter Mistress Bellamy, Frances, Hartwel and Close.

Hor. Now have ye done ? — The widow,
Not a word more : take her, I'll pay you, sir,
Three thousand pound to morrow : Noble widow,
You were in the first list to be invited ;
My Neece I told you of, is married to
This worthy Gentleman.

Bel. You look like a bridegroom.

Hor. 'Tis in your power to make it good, what say you ?
Shall we joyn issue ?

Bel. I will never marry.

Hor. You are resolv'd, why so ? come hither Nephew,
Shalt be my heir, I love thee for thy wit ;
But charm thy friends, they do not laugh at me :
I'll be a knight too, if I live, and build
An Hospital for twenty more o'th' Order ;
Which I'll reduce my self, out of the Suburbs,
In women's petticoats, and turn Squires again
To Whores, or Parasites to Noblemen,
For want of fit provision.

Play An excellent
Foundation : but where's *Startup* ?

Lam. Sunk, I think.

Hart. Never conjure for him : we are ingrateful to
Our bliss, for wasting of these precious minutes,

Which

Which are so many ages, till the Church
Hath made us perfect.

Hor. Is there any more work
For the Priest? then give you joy beforehand,
And let us celebrate the day together.

close. I am glad of your conversion, y' are the first
Jew, that in my remembrance has turn'd Christian.

Play. Walk on to joyes;

Twixt Love and Fortune, now th' accompts are even.

Hart. A chain of Hearts, and the first linck in Heaven.

Exeunt omnes

EPILOGUE.

Through many hazards, Love hath found a way

For Friends to meet: good Omen to our Play.

If love hath brought you hither, Gentlemen,

Love will find out the way to come agen.

And we dare promise, if you rellish these,

Our Loves shall find out other ways to please.

T. B.

F I N I S.

There is lately Printed two excellent Comedies, entitled, *The Old Couple*: By *Thomas May Esquire.*

The City-Night-Cap, or *Crede quod habes & habes.*
By *Robert Davenport.*

Both these, with variety of other Playes, are to be
sold by *Samuel Speed*, at the Printing Press in *St. Pauls Church-Yard.* 1661.